Melrose, Sept. 8, 1878.

My dear Mr. Garrison,

I have been hoping to find an early hour to call on you, and to talk over with you some of the pleasant features of my visit to England.

We spent a month in London, and a little over three weeks in England, Scotland and Ireland — almost half our time, in all. We found letters awaiting us at my husband's bankers, on our arrival in London — letters from Mr. and Mrs. Conway, Mrs. Peter Alfred Taylor, Miss Helen Taylor, Mr. Rafter of Manchester,

and others — all offering hospitalities, or proposing some courtesy in the way of introducing us to the Mother Land, and its good people. We waived all invitations at that time, for we wished to spend a week or two in Rome, before the weather became too hot.

When we returned to London in June, I presented your letters and met a great number of charming people. I attended a meeting of the C. D. A. Assn., and afterwards, met at the rooms of Mme. Venturi, which-ever she had invited them, Hon. ~~James~~ John Stansfeld and wife, Sir ~~George~~ Harcourt, Johnstone Hk Hon. Ashurst

and wife, Miss Wilson, and many others whose names I do not now recall. All were friends of yours, and inquired very tenderly for you. Sir ~~Geo.~~ Harcourt Johnstone asked me to take his photograph to you, and sent it to me next day by post. I enclose the note and picture. I should have mailed it to you before, but have hoped every day to find time to call on you at your home. Afterwards, Mrs. Jacob Bright made a large party for us, so did Mrs. Peter Alfred Taylor, at whose house we were twice invited, so also did Mrs. McLaren, Mrs. Octavius Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Moncure

D. Conway and others. Indeed the invitations were so numerous we were not able to accept more than half of them. You can easily recall the persons whom we met at these houses, and the charming hospitalities of which we were the recipients. It was an inexpressible pleasure to meet and converse with Mrs. Fawcett, Mrs. Dr. Garrett Anderson, the Brights, Ashursts, Stansfelds, Taylors, Conways, and the circle of their personal friends into whose society they introduced us. Mrs. Maria Weston Chapman gave us letters which brought us into com-

munion with another charming circle, chiefly the friends of her daughters, in London and Paris. I spoke four times in London, and was obliged to decline a dozen invitations in London and its vicinity. The last week of our stay in London was intensely hot — equal to anything in the way of hot weather we have in July and August. And it continued so for two or three weeks, the press as well as the people characterizing the weather as exceptionally warm.

Mrs. Josephine Butler has been in very poor health during the last half year and is likely to be feeble for some time to come. She was in Cambridge, with her husband, the guests of Prof. Stuart, a fellow and Prof. of Trinity College — the college of Cambridge which is doing so much for the higher education of woman, while Prof. Stuart is the Professor of Trinity most earnest in this liberal work. Both Mrs. Butler and Prof. Stuart wrote us, inviting us to Cambridge, where during the day we were Prof. Stuart's guests, who gained us entree

2nd Sheet

to everything rare and interesting in Cambridge, himself serving as the charming guide. We visited Girton and ~~Newnham~~ Newnham Colleges, (I am not certain about the orthography of that latter College,) where are 200 women pursuing the same course of study as the students of Trinity, who are examined by the same examination papers, and are marked by the same standard as those young gentlemen. These latter receive degrees, while the young ladies have only the satisfaction of knowing what their standing is, — and of having obtained the good education. "It is a mere matter of time,

now," said Prof. Stuart, who has helped forward, and largely brought about this condition of things in eight years, "and the young ladies are sure at no distant day to obtain the recognition by the College, which they deserve". My visit to Cambridge and to Prof. Stuart and Mrs. Butler was one of the pleasantest features of our trip. We had almost equal good fortune at Oxford.

At Manchester the Temperance people took us in charge. I will be frank with you, but confidential and say I did'nt enjoy it. My husband nearly died over it. He seemed to

drop immediately into a very narrow rut. I was "hauled over the coals" for speaking for Mr. Conway in his pulpit, on Sunday — and our charming hosts and new friends in London, whom we had so much enjoyed, were criticised very severely. "This one was n't a Christian" — "that one was a great hindrance to the suffrage cause" — very much like some of the talk I sometimes hear at home. As the weather was intolerable in its heat, and as Rev. Mr. Steinthal was in Scotland, recreating, we took ourselves into our own hands,

and left Manchester. I had ascertained that R. T. Martineau was about starting on an excursion, but wrote him nevertheless, when I found that his plans were all made for an immediate start. He urged us to visit him then, or on our return. The latter we could not do, the former we did not think we ought do. He made it easy for us to visit Harriet Martineau's former home at Ambleside. We stayed three days in the town, enjoying Mr. and Mrs. Hills' exceedingly, spending hours in the hallowed rooms where Harriet Martineau had worked

and suffered and died, visiting every part of her little farm, and talking by the hour with the intelligent man and woman who had served her as tenants and servants for twenty years previous to her death. Can any part of the world surpass the beauty of that Westmoreland and Lake Country? Mr. and Mrs. Tills desired kind remembrance to you, for whom they inquired very tenderly. We had found our time so short, that I wrote to Mrs. Mawson, and one other lady, whose name just now escapes me, a lady in Mrs. Mawson's neighborhood to whom you

gave me a letter, expressing my regret at not being able to meet them. I had just missed Mrs. Nichol in London, just missed her again at Leeds, but was in hopes to meet her in Edinburgh. We remained in Edinburgh three days beyond the time we had allotted for our visit, and then reluctantly went to Glasgow, as Mrs. Nichol was still absent. I was the more eager to meet her for in addition to your letter of introduction, the people whom I liked best in London urged me again and again, "not to miss Mrs. Nichol".

This visit has only whetted our appetite for more of England

and it is now in our hearts to go abroad again before we are much older. Our family affairs forbade more than four months' absence at this time, and we were absent four months lacking four days. Short as was the time, I am conscious of having enjoyed and learned more during this period than during ~~the former~~ any previous four months of my life. We accomplished much, for we had carefully laid plans, and had arranged beforehand what to see and do, and where to go,

so that we lost neither time nor opportunity.

My obligations to you are very great. But for you I should have failed to meet some of the very best and pleasantest people whom we were so fortunate as to see. And we realized that many of the courtesies we received were extended to us, because we were your friends. I hope my letter will not be wearisome. I have written in despair of finding the hour, immediately which I wished, for a talk with you. Abridge the letter, in the reading, if it is tedious. Yrs. very gratefully, and faithfully, L. A. Sweet